Y^2^d^t YOVTH

KNOW

THY SELFE.

Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex alijs.

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To the Reader.

READer (if that there will be any such,
These uncouth-ragged lines will grace so much)
I doe implore of thee this courtesie,
As that thou wilt not looke with Eagles eye.
For though like Delphian *Oracles I seeme,*
*My not=*Appollo's *verses to esteeme;*
Yet know, I thinke so great will be their fame,
As that I dare not set to them my name.
Then seeing that I am unknowne of thee,
And that thou likewise art unknowne of mee,
I can report of thee no thing that's bad,
Doe but the same of me, I shall be glad.

YOVTH KNOVV THY SELFE.

TO Schoole the weather-beaten wiſe, & ſage,
To checke the little pretty innocent age,
Were but preſumption, and too curious follie;
Since neither of theſe ages can be iolly.
Your hoary haires, like iſicles which bee,
Strike admiration, and reſpect in mee.
You poſt vnto the Iayle, your graue, and ſo
Along to Heauens-Seſsions houſe, to know
From the Cœleſtiall Iudge, the fatall doome
Of al your ſins, done from your mothers wombe.
Expect your cenſure there; Ile not ſo much,
As how you come bald-pated, giue a touch:
Your frowning lookes, & wrinckles doe infuſe
A ſmoothed brow vpon mine angry Muſe.
Your frozen members, and infrigidated,
Cannot by *Venus* ſtarre be calculated.

But if amongſt you ſome be children growne,
How for to know themſelues it ſhall be ſhowne.
You with your golden lockes, and ſiluer bands,
Like to the Dayſes culled by your hands,
Your louing ſports, and quarrell-breeding games,
The ſtricteſt-rigid'ſt *Cato* neuer blames.
Your euer-bluſhing cheekes protend, yee feare
That all things which ye doe, offenſiue are.
Ah! 'tis not you, that for my rage are fuell,
Your ſmiles, and bablings, make me not ſo cruell.
'Tis hee, or ſhe that *Venus* ſhrine adores,
That's in the teenes, and not come to the ſcores.
'Tis thoſe that new, forth from the eg-ſhell came,
And are become ſtout cockes, & henns o'the game:
This is the blood-warme age, there ſprings from
The Salamander of concupiſcence. (hence
This is the Age that makes my ſpleene to ſwell
With laughter, and my gall to leaue her cell:
Which being vomited vp, about doth flye,
Beſpurtling euery body that ſtands nigh.
This makes mine eyes, like Baſiliskes for to pry
Vpon the obiect, till I make it dye.
Oh who hath ſuch a foggie-clowdy braine,
That of all ages thinkes not this moſt vaine?

Or

Or who is ſuch an A-b-c-darian aſſe,
That finds not this all former times to paſſe?
Since Satan belch't out poyſon firſt on earth,
Sin nere was practiſ'd with ſuch ioy and mirth.
And ſome's ſo horrid, that I cannot tell,
Whether hee'l owne it, that inhabits Hell.
Be deafe yee tender eares, whilſt I rehearſe,
Things that would ſtain the pureſt meaning verſe:
When Dildoes, Merkins, and ſophiſtications,
With thouſands of ſuch luſt-full variations,
Muſt de divulged by a mind that's bent,
To bid the good beware, the bad repent.
Goe on my Muſe, thou need'ſt not dread diſgrace,
Black is the only colour in thy face
Aſſume thy former ſpirit, I know thou durſt
Say of all earthly creatures, man's the worſt.
All haue obey'd their Maker but this man,
Who neuer fully did, nor neuer can.
Witneſſe this laſt declining age, wherein
That is thought vertue, which before was ſinne.
When as Venerious youngſters ſet on fire,
Dare to their neighbours ſilent bed aſpire,
To drench their itching, and ſulpherous flame,
Yet muſt the wronged beare away the ſhame.

Since

Since Cuckolding, and head-horning plantation
Is deem'd and act of ſupererrogation.
But thoſe that, like old cuckowes, rob mens neſts;
An eating Scab their pureſt parts inueſts.
Oh! that Adultery, fondlings ſhould ſo hallow,
Which is the deepeſt ſink, the ſoule doth ſwallow.
And thoſe that make horns on mēs heads to dwel,
Should engins make, to toſſe themſelues to Hell.
The winged-chirping ſongſters of the ayre,
Vpon Saint *Valentines* day, that vſe to payre,
May teach theſe Noyſters, if they cannot tarry,
The remedie is very ſpeedy, Marry.
Giue to the Parſon, and to toule the bell,
Hee'l ſoone diſpatch yee, be yee impes of Hell.
And if one come the match to diſanull,
Hee'l pull his dagger out, and breake his skull.
And if yee feare in Church to ſhew your face,
A barne-like thatched one, may be the place.
Such crimes as theſe doe make me not my ſelfe,
But like the ſpitefull-ſnaky-headed Elfe:
I pine through enuy, when I ſee, with eaſe
A ten in the hundred ſweltering in greaſe:
A Fox-fur'd-clouted-pated fornicator,
That's to his Tenants wife Adminiſtrator:

Whom

Whom for to keepe a wife, the charge debar'd,
And that would ſlice his Father for his lard:
That euery day doth feare a plague, and dearth,
As ſome which doe *Sol's* falling downe on earth.
Me thinkes there's wild-fire in my ſparkling eies,
That makes the balls, like bullets, rend the skies:
When that an open-fiſted-biggen'd Baby,
That worſhippeth the name of Lord and Lady:
That *Forma Pauperis* thinkes is his damnation,
And doth eſteeme demurres, his beſt ſaluation:
Should haue ſuch takings at Weſtminſter Hall,
And yet his Wifes at home, ſurmount them all.
Why? ſure my braines with madneſſe is ſo full,
That it flies vp and downe, and cracks my skull:
To ſee a weeping Crocodile, when ſhe yells
Lowder then Free-Schooles, or ring of bells; (head
That ſounds: whoſe necke ſeemes not to beare her
That wrings her hands, howles out my husbands
Yet ſcarce ſhal the Sea-god, which entertains (dead.
Phœbus, that all his fiery horſes traines,
To viſit *Neptune*, in his Sea-ſicke weedes;
Haue watered all the foamy ſweating Steeds,
And giuen ſome fiſh vnto his frying Brother;
But more then monſter-like, ſhee'l haue another.

The doue, which the woods by-tun'd eccho rings,
Doth gaze vpon the criſtall-weeping ſprings,
And at their mournful murmuring liſtens ſtraight,
Thinking ſhe heares the voice of her loſt mate:
And ſolitarie ſets on that ſame ſpray,
Which loſt hath her greene ſcollup't-new array,
Attentiue to the whiſtling-bellowing winds,
Deeming the note of her deare loue ſhe finds.
At length when as it prooueth nothing ſo,
Her ſorrow thus breakes out, wo-wo-wo-wo.
(This letcherous firebrand, may, a better feature,
Learne, of this innocent bemoaning creature)
But oh! thou haſt forborne my Muſe too long,
From chaunting out the burthen of thy ſong.
Youth, youth's the ſubiect, 'gainſt which neuer end
Till with lowd exclamations thy throat rend.
(But firſt of youth, moſt humbly pardon craue,
Which neuer was ſins Hacney, nor her Slaue)
What's youth but vanity, vanitie in ſuch kind,
As vanitie 'tis in body, and in mind?
Her eſſence luſt, her character prodigalitie,
Her vertue is her vices liberalitie.
Her counſellors are Pride, vaine-glory, rage,
Her piety ſhe makes ſins glittering page.

And

And her religion is, ſhe nothing feares,
She ne're remembers God but when ſhe ſweares.
Her pardon is reuenge, her clemencie
Is ſuch, ſhee'l ſtab you, and you giue the lye.
Zeale is her maske, and honeſty her cloake,
Shee puffes away her ſoule in Helliſh ſmoake.
Her eares no faithfull treaſurers are, you'le finde,
Soone is vnlock't the cloſet of her mind.
By nature ſhee's vnconſtant, and frayle borne,
Shee's like the wind, that waues the eared corne,
And makes it like the billowes in our ſight,
Which mount til they doe drowne the ſtarry light.
Shee takes more care to purchaſe euery faſhion,
Then *Cæſar* did to conquer the French Nation:
And all her borrowed coine away ſhe courſes,
For faſhions, Damnations, Sumpter-horſes.
Shee prayſeth 'cauſe ſhe would be praiſ'd againe,
And ſaue her owne, ſhe thinkes all praiſe is vaine.
A Louer is her altar, and her bliſſe,
To him ſhe ſayes her prayers to get a kiſſe.
(For this is like the billing of the doues,
Which is the vſher to their mutuall loues.
And ſerpent-like it doth bewitch the ſenſe,
Which lull'd aſleepe is fit for the offence:

For if you thinke the Serpent muttereth hiſſe,
You are deceiu;d,ſhe treacherouſly cries kiſſe)
Let but her louer curſe her, ſhee's content,
And thinks his curſes are like bleſsings ſent:
So they'd be Martyrs which ne're came toth' ſtake,
And God chaſtiſeth,doth not Martyrs make.
She loues the wall, the higheſt ſeate at meetings,
She would be idoliz'd by poore mens greetings.
Her almes and charity is a three-penny dole,
By cheats, and cogges from careleſſe purſes ſtole:
Shee grudges this large portion, iuſt like thoſe,
The hundreth grudg,whē God the tenth beſtows.
She neuer weepes, but when her Mother's well,
She neuer laughs,but at her Fathers knell.
Drunkenneſſe is her portion,her purgation,
Is for her burning Ague Fornication:
She needs not the Phiſitian's helping hand,
Who freely giues vnto his patients land.
Her conuerſation is amongſt wild beaſts;
Shee euer bleſſeth founders of great feaſts:
Shee'l purge her ſtupid pate with *Helebore*,(more:
That where ſhe hath beene once, ſhe may come
Stroke her Rhinoceros noſe,ſhee'l neuer reſt,
Till ſhe ſniuels out an Elephantine ieſt:

And

And ſhee'l engroſe vp all the Table chat,
And laugh, till euery body laugh thereat.
She ſcornes inferiours, if an heyre ſhe be,
By phauning ſycophants deifi'd is ſhe.
She e're malignes, becauſe ſhe flatterie hates:
Like thoſe, who to renounce all Popiſh baites,
N'ere pure enough doe thinke themſelues to bee,
Till they in euery thing doe diſagree.
She hath ſugar'd-hony-dropping complements,
Of venomous thoughts, the poyſoned impleméts,
Shee'l kiſſe your hand, your picture, ſhoe-ſtrings,
(cheekes,
She for bumbaſting ſtuffe in Play-bookes ſeekes:
As that the red-roſe, and the Lillie grow,
In your Angelicall face, thats white as ſnow:
And that your teeth are like two rowes of pearle,
You may be Concubine to any Earle:
Shee'l crouch with cap in hand, and pardon craue,
Shee'l be your ſeruant, varlet, vaſſall, ſlaue:
You may command her like your 3. pound Iacke,
And yet ſhee'l cut your throat behind your backe.
(Theſe are the golden hookes, with which ſhee
(angles,
And the not-hyperbolicall wretch entangles)

Shee comes to Church to ſpie out the beſt faces,
Sermons aboue an houre, her wit diſgraces.
Shee'l poyſon Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother,
And in her iealous rage her ſtaleſt Louer,
For this ſhee'l hugge herſelfe, and boldly ſay,
Now all the obſtacles are tane away:
Like Roman wolfes, who if they could vs ſlay,
Nodoubt they'd make our Sabbath Holy-day.
(Then you that ſcepters hold in Princes hands,
That are the Patrons of mens liues, and lands,
If warre once ſcoure away long Peace's dregges,
Let them haue wodden ſwords, & clogged legges:
In the meane time looke too't, they vs excell
In riches, 'cauſe they loue the croſſe ſo well)
To patch her motley hide from bodies faire,
When they be dead, ſhee'l take both skin & haire:
Shee hath skarifying waters, paint that's red,
She hath no teeth, nor haire when ſhee's in bed.
(Oh let not truth thus run againſt the ſtreame,
Of milke-maides learne to waſh your face with creame.
Or elſe before *Aurora* doe diſplay
Her ſcarlet mantle, and driues night away,
For to regaine the Sun burnt beauty loſt,
Be nimbly tripping in the nipping froſt)

Her

Her thunder-claps 'gainſt her dumbe Coxcombe
(roare,
Till her huge blaſts blow him without the doore.
Then with new gowns muſt this mad fury ceaſe,
So Capons win the Iuſtices of Peace:
Shee'l garniſh, and gild o're her baſe out-ſide,
When as her inward parts are frenchify de:
Like thoſe, who muſt in ſiluer haue that meate,
Which ſoak't in the braſſ-dripping-pan for heate.
She quaketh like vnto the earth's ſtump't hayre,
Which whirling winds, vp frō the roots do teare:
Her face the North-winds picture doth ſurpaſſe,
If ſhe but think out-run is her houre-glaſſe.
And if death fling his vnreſiſted dart,
And wound her in the neuer bleeding heart:
Before the cruell hand doe cloſe her eyes,
Too late for a repenting ſpace ſhe cries.
Then muſt her putrid corps b'embalm'd with
(ſpice,
For Satans pallat, who is not ſo nice:
Her ſtinking carkas muſt be fenc'd with lead,
From worms, & yet they breed in things are dead:
And almoſt halfe a Church muſt her entombe,
Who ſoone will be too ſmall t'haue any roome.

Her

Her Spaniſh ſpit doth make her raiſe much ſtrife,
With which ſhee'l hoodwinck't tilt away her life:
Then may the little field-mouſe ſup the blood,
Of her who hacſter-like-inſulting ſtood.
She that doth weare a ribband for a feather,
And quarrels with the faire, and ſerene weather,
More bawdery hath her knauiſh-leatherne hide,
Then an old Mid-wife, or an vntusk't bride.
In Colledges, Inns of Court, ſhe fornication
Abhorres, not with the coupled copulation:
To couple with the coupled's Fellow-like,
The law did neuer 'gainſt this maxime ſtrike.
Ambition mounts her, as the skipping backe,
The water-coffins which doe ſuffer wracke:
And makes her cogitations towre as high,
As the early-Sun-ſaluting Fidlers flye:
Then doth ſhe thinke her ſelfe ſome potentate,
When ſhe is begging at anothers gate.
If ſhe hath trauelled, that ſhe hath beene, where
Cambridge, and *Oxford* neuer came, ſheele ſweare:
And that her Tongus are beſt (me thinks 'tis pitty,
She hangs not Parat-like out in the Citty)
Shee doth allure by her diſheuel'd treſſes,
For to intice ſhe hath a thouſand dreſſes.

Shee

Shee's ſo inſatiate, that in euery roome,
She doth prouide a Lackey, Page, and Groome.
She hath her Monkies, Marmoſets, & ſuch toyes,
And much about the age of thirteene, boyes.
All her attendants naked come to waite,
Loue-powder and flat witchcraft is her baite.
Shee Lady-like frequents the Maskes at Court,
Where all the gallant hot-ſpurres doe reſort:
And there ſhee ſits, like women in Cheape-ſide,
Who for to ſell their wares doe there abide.
She without Natures vſefull preparations,
Can ſatisfie her tickling inſtigations.
Cantharides, with Eringos, and ſuch cates,
The fiery coales of burning heat inflates,
Vntill the fleſh be ouer-roaſted growne,
And all the liquor from the pot be flowne:
That ſo much moyſture found can ſcarce be there,
As for to ſhed the leaſt repentant teare.
Shee makes her mony flye in needleſſe charge,
And for Tobacco her expence is large:
When as ſhe taken hath the ſame ſo long,
That like an opened vault her breath is ſtrong,
So that Tobacco now ſhe might forſake,
And at one anothers mouth's ſhe might it take.

From duſt ſhe ſcornes her pedegree for to bring,
But eſtimates her ſelfe ſome precious thing:
Like thoſe vſurping Popes, who Gods are ſtil'd,
When as their baſtard-pedegree is exil'd.
But when earth proues to be their Throne, & ſeat,
Theſe Gods, I feare, are all the Serpents meate,
She Butterflies her ſelfe beyond her calling,
Her Brokers-ſtoln-ſtuffe is the Hangmans falling:
You may her gawdy-flouriſhing eſtate,
To the head-hanging flowers aſſimilate.
(But yet me thinkes I rather would haue youth,
To be a bulwarke 'gainſt a Cannons mouth)
She is the money-mongers prey, and food,
Who like the horſ-leech ſucks the ſtreaming blod,
And neuer leaues his too encroaching hold,
Til his large Coffers all her good enfold.
Then he begins to ouerlooke this wight,
That ſtaring doth approach vnto his ſight,
That lowly beggs reliefe: but nothing comes,
Saue at the laſt, his ſirrha's, haukes, and hummes:
(Were ſhe a Dog, perhaps hee'd let her lap,
His iſſues euery-day-diſtilled ſap)
When all men are alike, that liue on earth,
Saue the baſe-borne, ſhee'l boaſt of her braue birth.

Her Lemman, by her Bacchanalian dance,
See's ſhe can friske her taile in dalliance.
Shee'l vnder the Almighties banner fight
For pay, though ſhe can challenge yet no right:
There ſhall you ſee her maimed limbes & ſcarres,
But yet ſhe had them, 'fore ſhe knew theſe warrs:
When reaſon, and experience hath not crown'd
Her, that with Lawrell neuer was renown'd;
New points ſhee forges, and new termes, and
(words,
That incite Kings to draw their menacing ſwords.
If her poſteriors be but ſet behind
Her equalls, ſhe will beare it long in mind:
And at another time ſhee'l huffing come,
For to aduance her vnder-valued bum:
Shee'l tell you all her ſubſtance, and her ſect,
That men of wealth ſhould haue a due reſpect.
(Methinks 'twere beſt to bring the bags to ſtake,
That thoſe who could ſhew moſt, the place might
[take)
Her Sattin makes the Fuſtian-dublet mute,
When ſhe turn's tayle, and bid's him there ſalute.
(This Peacocke ſoone abandon would this pride,
If that her inward parts were her out-ſide)

She neither heat, nor coldnes can endure,
But in the houſe ſhee doth her ſelfe immure:
She ſtriues not yet to keepe her ſelfe from Hell,
Where fire muſt froſt, and froſt muſt fire expell.
She vilifies Vniverſities, and Schooles,
And wiſdome gets by tearming others fooles.
To be aboue Gods *Aarons* is her right, (Knight.
If though her Grandſire clowne, her Sire was
Not in the Hall, ſhe in the Kitchin gluts,
For fineſſe ſake ſhe waineſcoteth her guts:
Till from the mincing mouth you may aſſume
In all your carued meate, her ſweete perfume.
To carry her glaſſe to Church, if once ſhe miſſe,
(And if it pleaſe her, ſhe may carry this)
So many Tales ſhe will relate in ieſt,
Till at the length ſhee'l ſweare ſhe did the beſt.
For to forſweare her ſelfe ſhee'l vſe this art, (heart:
That ſhee, though not in tongue, hath God in
So when the famiſh't Prophets doe foretell,
The wages of Church-broking ſhall be Hell,
Reply the curſed ſacrilegious crew,
God bids all liue by him, as well as you.
(But know you damned catyfes, while they want
Their bodies food, your ſoules is very ſcant)

When

When as the sable Night doth ouer-spread
Her duskye Canopy, on the drowzie head
Of drooping *Titan*, then she takes her rest,
Vpon her dainty downy-feathered nest.
And though she cannot but looke vp on high,
Yet she ne're begs for heauens most watchful eye.
Then dismall dreames her wãdring sense affright,
Till she awakes, and seekes the mornings light:
But the sin-conscious darkneſſe she beholds,
And then her close-pent conscience she vnfolds:
But while she searcheth her sins Catalogue out,
Shee feares the Diuell musters round about.
And dreading his vice-scourging-yron rod,
Perhaps shee'l carelesly cry out, O God.
At last of other helpe she doth dispaire,
And therefore spends a Spirit-expelling prayer:
The trickling teares bedew her guilty bed,
She vowes shee'l new conditions firmely wed:
Now she will keepe her body chast as ice,
And not enthrall her selfe to torturing vice.
But when she see's the Mornes vermillion coate,
She quickly changeth this constrained note.
For when her sneaking stalking-horse appeares,
Shee'l say she dream't his death, & shed these teares.

Then to her former trade ſhee goes afreſh,
To warme with feare, her long benummed fleſh.
(But if betimes ſhe doth not it forſake,
She may be ſcorth't in the euer-burning lake,)
The vſing of her owne ſhe thinkes ſo fit,
That all her kindred may haue vſe of it.
Shee'l make her Father pander, Mother bawd,
Husband door-keeper, Children to applaud.
(Thus all her ſworne alliance is her guard;
And Luſt's moſt-baſely-captiuated ward:
So Luſt the roote of all contagious euils,
Supplies the place of men-poſſeſſing Diuels)
Shee loues the meanes, but yet not procreation,
For to preuent it is her occupation.
If an abortiue birth ſhe chance to haue,
She will expoſe it to a murthering ſlaue.
This ſin my Muſe to her laſt gaſpe hath brought,
For 'tis ſo foule, that it hath ſtop't her throat.

FINIS.